

The World.

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MR. MITCHELL'S OPPORTUNITY.

We can feel sure that any Commission of Arbitration selected by President Roosevelt, even within the limiting lines laid down by the operators, will command the respect of each party to the strike both for the personal character of its members and their eminence in the world of affairs. If it happens that none of them is an acknowledged representative of labor it by no means follows that there will be occasion for a suspicion of bias. In such a tribunal so composed the judicial nature of their functions is certain to dominate personal feeling and quell any disposition to favor one party to the dispute at the expense of the other.

In the White House conference President Mitchell acquitted himself in a way to win a commendation for his candor and courtesy which was denied the operators because of their somewhat brusquer and more insistent manner. The leader of the miners has an opportunity again to show his stature by his acceptance of the terms of mediation proposed by the coal road presidents. These terms are not all he asked, but they are a long concession toward his original demand for arbitration.

To meet this conciliatory offer half way will be to perform a public service which the nation thinks Mr. Mitchell capable of and for which it looks to him with confident expectation.

Hawaiian Superiority.—Senator Burton says that "one noble Hawaiian is worth forty spider-legged Cubans." If Kalaikaua and Kamehameha, royal sons, were only alive to hear!

WALSH'S GAMBLINO RAIDS.

The story of the storming of the gambling strongholds in the Tenderloin precinct last night is not unlike a chapter from a historical romance describing the capture of a mediaeval castle. Where houses which gentlemen occupy as private residences possess portcullises and stout bronze doors they may perhaps rank as castles. The resemblance was particularly striking in the assault on "Honest John" Kelly's resort in West Forty-first street. This is the house at which Capt. Sheehan used to inquire occasionally with considerate politeness whether anything was going on behind its grilled portals. Detective Ayres last night with ruder methods of inquiry used a Fire Department ladder as a battering ram, smashed in the heavy plate-glass window and charged valiantly in with his retainers through the breach thus made.

At John Ryan's place in West Twenty-eighth street Capt. Walsh and his lieutenants battered in the steel door with heavy sledge-hammers. It was pretty work of a knightly kind, a Richard-Yea-and-Nay of a performance. Sledge-hammers and a battering ram were used also in the raid on Lou Betts's place in West Thirty-fourth street. The stanch oak door, two inches thick and strapped and strengthened with iron bars, withstood the assault nobly before it yielded to the fierce onset of the investing party.

Capt. Walsh, by his debut in Tenderloin gambling-house raiding, thus shows himself a paladin with whom the paynimms behind portcullises will have to reckon. And Canfield and Farrell in their donjon keeps, so far secure from invasion, have reason to reflect on what may be.

Church and Stage.—The Church Congress at Albany advocates more cordial relations between the church and the theatre. The theatre is willing. Does it not invite delegations of clergymen to come and approve its risqué plays?

THE CRAP GAME RAID.

In considering Walsh's feats of gambling-house raiding in the Tenderloin last night let us not overlook Capt. Smith's crusade against the crap games and pool-rooms of Harlem, which merits praise. It is in these tin-horn resorts that boys learn their first lessons in gambling and harm is done there to youthful morals. The drag-net which catches these small fry sometimes lets the larger fish slip through its meshes. That fact need not detract from any commendation bestowed for the catching of the aforesaid small fry. If police captains could suppress all the gamblers and policy dealers and "graters" generally who pander to boyish taste for vice they could be forgiven for overlooking some of the pretentious places which attract grown-up patrons.

It is the kids about whose morals the community is most concerned; the goats may be left to take care of themselves.

THE CAPTAIN'S DESK.

There have been ancestral mahogany escritoirs with secret drawers that yielded up bonds and title deeds to surprised heirs, but nothing of the sort of which we have ever heard quite equals in treasure-trove productiveness the battered old oak desk which served as Police Capt. Donohue's safe deposit vault. From its unpromising interior yesterday came forth diamond jewelry, steel stocks, insurance policies, deeds to apartment-houses, bonds, banknotes in packages of \$1,000 and \$5,000—a fortune altogether of perhaps \$100,000, showing that the Captain like other successful policemen, a list of whose fortunes filled a column of the Sunday World recently, had acquired the fine art of making money.

Of the great fortune that part interests us most which is represented by the "packages of \$1,000 and \$5,000." Are these "original packages?" What was their source and why were they so neatly tied up, as with a bank-teller's deftness and orderly methods? It must have been a proud day in the captain's life when he stored away in his old desk the first of these packages of \$1,000. Then, the beginning made, how easy it was, the packages of \$5,000 following in due course of time—such is the breeding capacity of money.

One thing to be commended about Donohue was his simplicity of living. There was no ostentation about him; not even his intimates knew he was rich. There are wardens just beginning to accumulate the world's goods who make a far more lavish display. With Donohue the substance counted for more than the show.

The Majesty of the Law.—A distinguished Vienna specialist, summoned to attend a rich man's child in Chicago and promised a \$5,000 fee, has been obliged by the Illinois Board of Health to submit to an examination and take out a license before continuing his work of healing. Well, they find an American dentist in Vienna the other day selling a tooth contrary to the statute, which forbids the use of the forceps by a foreigner. The majesty of the law is thus asserted and honors would appear to be easy.

Animals Are Rapidly Learning to Be Human.

Their Progress Illustrated by Artist Powers.



Since Hagenback and Bostock came to town with their zoological prodigies the newspapers have had stories of diamond robberies—such as soubrettes now and then endure for publicity's sake—in which chimpanzees figure as victims, and of all sorts of vexatious managerial troubles brought about by human-like jealousies and prima-donnaesque wrangles among their star performers. Of course all these stories are true, and being so, they give a good idea of the great Darwinian millennium when the polar bear, the lion, the tiger, the giraffe and all the rest of the animal creation will have reached the highest plane of human civilization. Mr. Powers's picture shows what may be expected of show animals then.

UNCLE HAS IT.



Miss Longnose—And have you really got a cornet?
Mr. Hardup—Well—ah—yes—at least I have the ticket.

HIS OWN MEDICINE.



Benevolent Lady (distributing tract to inebriate, who has refused to accept one)—Do take one. If you read it, it will do you good.
Tramp (pulling himself together)—Madame, I write 'em.

A NICKEL IN.



Kid—Yep, he swallowed his nickel.
Man—Well, what's he crying for?
Kid—Nope, 'tain't dat; he's afraid he'll never get it up again!

SNAP.



Employer—Well, my boy, how do you like your new position here?
Artie—It's all right! Do book-keeper hasn't made me do a thing but watch an' tell when you're a-comin', so's he kin get busy.

NOTHING PERSONAL.



Mrs. Peck—What did that man say as we passed, Henry?
Mr. Peck—Nothing about us, my dear. He merely said "Yes, those matrimonial agencies do sad work sometimes." That was all.

THE SEASON'S GREATEST NOVELTY—THE PONY-SKIN COAT.

A little old man came riding by.
Says I, says I.
Says I, "Old man, your horse will die."
Says I, says I.
"And, if he dies, I'll tan his skin."
Says he, says he.
"And, if he lives, I'll ride him again."
Says he, says he.
—Plantation Lullaby.

Richard III., who offered his kingdom for a horse, is not in it with the women of the fashionable world who this year will pay a small fortune for a pony. Not the live variety, however. For pony skin, soft brown, lustrous, and an inch thick, is the very latest fad in furs.

And the automobile coat of pony skin is certainly a thing of beauty.

Coats of horse hide, smooth and of heathery appearance, were seen in New York last year. These were useful garments, designed only for rough weather, and in no way resembled the luxurious carriage wraps made of pony skin.

The wardrobe of every woman of the smart set who has recently returned from Paris probably contains one of these novel and beautiful garments, but that photographed exclusively for The Evening World at Seidel's, No. 42 West Thirty-fourth street, is the first to make its appearance in a New York show-case.

The fad originated in Paris. The French consumers of horse flesh in making a fashionable fad of the horse's hide have rivaled the utilitarian Christians, who use all but the pig's squeak.

For the soft brown skin of which the new coats are made a special kind of hide is necessary. The new garments must have long hair and only the coat of the wild rover the steppes, the sturdy little Russian pony, has been found satisfactory.

Russia has no Bergh society, so if the fad becomes general a veritable pony slaughter may result.

Already the hide of a pony that for draught or driving purposes would sell for under \$30, when silk lined and made into the fashionable automobile coat brings \$250 to \$300.

The coat photographed for The Evening



THE PONY-SKIN COAT.

ing World is of thick lustrous pony skin, reaching from center through all the deeper tints of wood brown. It has a storm collar of black Persian lamb, which also forms the cuffs of the large mandolin sleeves and is ornamented with buttons of exquisitely chased silver.

The pony coat is not cut to fit the figure at all but hangs in the long and graceful lines which garments of the Monte Carlo shape have made familiar. It falls naturally into long lines and on a slender woman with brown eyes is extremely effective.

To the feminine lover of horseflesh it may at first seem a trifle odd to be wearing a coat made of some one's favorite pony. But after all may not this be a delightful way of preserving the memory of a well beloved equine? If the fad progresses may not the favorite of some fashionable woman's stable, after carrying her colors to victory for several years, at death serve a last useful purpose by becoming a pony coat?

KIPLING'S EVIL EYE.

Mr. military correspondent, who went down to Sydenham to study Mr. Kipling in his new role of rifle range operator, told me in private conversation of the curious glint of Mr. Kipling's eyes—almost, indeed, like the glittering gaze of the Easterners whom he has brought to Western knowledge in his books. He said "Mostly About People." But he did not see this forth in his description, because, near as he was to Mr. Kipling, he found it hard to tell whether the curious flash of the pupils came from the dark eyes themselves or from the divided lenses—"split specs"—some people call them—which Mr. Kipling's eyesight compels him to wear. I see from the San Francisco Argonaut that the superstitious fishermen of Gloucester, Mass., believe that Kipling actually has the "evil eye"—that he is, in their language, a "hoodoo." Every single one of the twenty fishing boats named "w him in 'Captain Courageous' has come down at sea. The last two of the ill-fated craft, which originally formed the fleet founded the other day in the big storm off the Massachusetts coast.

WHY GIRLS CAN'T SPIN TOPS.

Did you ever see a girl spin a top? Did you ever see her carefully and closely wind a string around the cone, and then, with a quick throw and jerk, give it the necessary rotary motion to send it whirling right side up? You never did, and probably you never will, because the ready possibility of doing such a thing does not lie in a woman's anatomy.

A girl can twist a rope and jump one enough times to weary her watching brother, but a top in her hands is a useless thing, and the brother only laughs at her efforts to spin it. If she makes them, as he laughs at all her efforts in the direction of throwing.

Observe the children playing in the streets at top-spinning season. You may watch all day and not see one girl with a top in her hand, while you will see hundreds with skipping ropes. If you see any playing with balls they will be simply bouncing them on the pavement, using a very short, cramped motion of the arm in doing so, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

The simple fact is that a girl cannot throw, in the true sense of the term, because of the peculiar construction of her shoulder. When a boy throws a ball he bends his elbow, reaches back with his forearm and uses every joint from shoulder to wrist. His arm is relaxed. A girl throws with a rigid arm, because her collar-bone is larger and sits lower than a boy's. This prevents the free motion of the arm required for strength and accuracy in throwing; hence she cannot spin a top properly.

AVERAGE WEIGHT OF THE BRAIN.

The weights of 1,173 human brains have been collected by M. Marchand, of Marbourg, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. At birth the average weight is found to be 9.3 ounces in boys and 9.5 ounces in girls; at the age of one year, 2 pounds and 15 ounces and 1 pound 11.5 ounces, respectively, and at the end of three years the weight has trebled. Increase is then slow. Full growth is attained at nineteen to twenty years in men and sixteen to eighteen in women, the mean adult weight being 3 pounds 1 ounce in males and 2 pounds 10 ounces in females. Loss by senile atrophy begins in man at about forty-eight years, and in women at about seventy. Turgenieff, the Russian author, had one of the heaviest brains on record, weighing 4.7 pounds, and Gambetta's, scarcely 26 pounds, was one of the lightest.

A COSTLY PERFUME.

Attar of Ylang-Ylang, which rivals the attar of roses as an exquisite perfume, and sells at \$40 to \$50 or more a pound, is the product of an Asiatic tree that reaches its highest development in the Philippine Islands, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The tree grows to a height of sixty feet; when three years old it begins bearing long greenish-yellow flowers and at the age of eight may produce yearly 100 pounds of these flowers, blossoming every month. The attar is obtained by simple distillation of the choicest petals with water, no chemicals being used. Besides its value as a perfume for hair and toilet waters, the product is prized among the natives as a medicine, being credited with curing toothache and numerous other pains.

ICE CAVE.

There is a point near the famous Stony cave, in the Catskill Mountains, where ice may be found on any day in the year. This locality is locally known as the Notch and is walled in on all sides by steep mountains, some of which are more than 3,000 feet high.

A FEW REMARKS.

The settling of the coal strike does not necessarily imply the settling of the coal bill.

The Salem (Mass.) couple who have married after over half a century of separation probably think they've cinched a half-Victorian proof on the matter making that "time at last makes all things even." But their respective grandchildren doubtless look on the affair as decidedly "odd."

Insanity, says an exchange, is not so hopeless a disease as is commonly supposed. Of the inmates of Scotch asylums 115 per cent. last year were discharged as cured. All! They were discharged as cured. That explains some things.—From the New York Telegraph.

Fine feathers may not make fine birds. There's some discussion on it. But none will doubt these truthful words:

"They make a stunning bonnet."
High-priced they all are, whether on brim or side or crown;
So while the wives praise the feather,
Their husbands call it "down."

Luckily the visiting Siamese Prince's manners are simpler than his name.

"You're looking in better shape than usual."

"Yes, this is the only time of year we commuters can get a decent night's rest without being waked at 4 A. M. by the whiz of our neighbors' lawn mowers or the scrape of their snowshovels."

Ella-Bella told me that you told her that secret. I told you not to tell her. Stella—She's a mean thing—I told her not to tell you I told her.
Ella—Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did.—Brooklyn Life.

"But he used to think nothing was good enough for you."

"He thinks so still, and the worst part of it is that that's what he provides me with."

Tenderloin sporting men are having barrels of trouble in striking an average on Capt. Walsh's "Fast Performances."

Though the auto is still several laps ahead in the matter of fatalities, yet the aerial accident at Paris shows up the airship's glorious chances of taking second money.

Mrs. Wedgery (remembering after the fancy ball)—Oh, but didn't I fool you, though? You had no idea that you were flirting with your wife all the evening.

Mr. Wedgery—No, I hadn't; you were so very agreeable; I was completely deceived.—Tit-Bits.

The solemn-visaged being yelled in agony of dread, And ever and anon he cast some dust upon his head.

"What all this?" asked a passer-by.
"What is this thing you do?"
Why imitate the tom-cat's wall and take a dust-shampoo?

In comfort and in happiness the winter you may spend.
Hard times have got a knock-out, and the coal strike's at an end."

The wailer shrieked: "That's just the thing! My chance for wealth is gone.
I wrote those measly coal strike jokes.
The wolf-door clinch is on!"

Young lady (who has just had her picture taken)—I hope that the pictures will be handsome.
Photographer—Yes, indeed; you will not recognize yourself.—Chicago News.

Van Sille is going into the stock market.
"Laughing-stock market you mean, don't you?"
"Did you read about the uptown lamp-post that burned?"
"No. Was some one trying to use it as a substitute for coal?"

"What a lordly person a janitor is!"
"Yes, indeed. He even has tenants to do all his kicking for him!"

A new bug has been discovered in New Jersey. Strange-looking as the creature is, it can't, to save its soul, hope to rival the mosquito as the National Bird of the Little-State-Across-the-River.

Miss De Jones—Are you musical, Prof. Paddy? Paddy—Oh, yes! But if you want to play, don't mind my feelings.—Detroit Free Press.

When a vacuum is in the coal bin And the oil is on the brick,
And the air with soft coal cinders Almost drowns the grown mere thick;
And a light is on the gas-jet And frosts with breakfast blend
We can't feel so all-fired hectic Though the coal strike's at an end.
What we're seeking now is summer And we want it mighty quick,
When a vacuum is in the coal bin And the oil is on the brick.

Fashion Note.—Though undressed kid is to be a favorite material for slippers this season, it is safe to predict the slipper will find scant favor with the undressed kid.

If you haven't public spirit enough to register, don't butt in with complaints about the way the Government is run.

SOMEBODIES.

ANDREWS, MISS MARY—an Ohio sheriff's daughter has been elected pastor of a Kansas City Church, being the first woman minister that city has ever had.

CARNEGIE, ANDREW—has received, according to his secretary, about 600 requests for libraries since July.

DOWD, REV. C. F.—who has just celebrated his golden wedding at Saratoga, is the originator of "standard" railway time.

POPE, G. D.—of Brooklyn, who has just been made a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, is the third American to receive this honor.

PRINCE HENRY—of Prussia, is on a 45-day vacation, and expects to spend most of the time automobileing.

TOMKINS, JUDGE C. M.—is the oldest pension office clerk in the Government employ, having been appointed forty-one years ago.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Storekeeper's Plaint.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

To-day there walked into my place of business an agent of a mercantile agency and in an insolent manner demanded of me a statement, and because I refused to accede to his demand, wrote down the following under my eyes: "Small store, carries second-hand stock, lives in rear of store and credit not good," though he had nothing to support his statement, and which is untrue. He then departed after saying "I'd like to see the credit you'll get after I'm through with you." I trust you will

print this in your valuable paper, in the hope that it will catch the eyes of those agencies, to show them what agencies some of them employ.

AN EAST SIDE MERCHANT.

At What Age?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
At what age should a man marry? I mean, of course, if he can afford to. Some say at twenty-one. Others object that a man should know something of life and of the world before he marries, and that a man in later life is glad he did not wait the woman he loves at twenty-one. Others say thirty

is the ideal age to marry. But it is objected that men who have stayed single till they are thirty are harder to domesticate. I would like greatly to hear the honest opinions of readers, backed, of course, by due experience.

ISSUE.

The Chauffeur Again.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am often on Fifth Avenue and elsewhere through the city and I notice how considerate and careful the chauffeurs are. In crossing Twenty-third street and Fifth Avenue, where one always gets confused, if an auto passes the

chauffeur nearly always slows his speed and beckons which way to go, which a driver of a horse will seldom do. The latter often swears at you for being in his way. I tender my thanks to the chauffeurs.

KATHERINE K.

The Voice of the Cynic.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Money is the panacea for all ills. Money left to relatives is more than a balm for one's decease. Love is the sweetest that can be bought with gold. Coal is the fruit that hangs so high on the tree of TRUSTS that the poor can only look up at it. The world

is a very beautiful place to live in when one can ride along in an automobile and gaze out at the thousands who are obliged to foot it or get left. It is very poor policy to tell a hungry man that overeating is bad for one's digestion.

ANON.

People's Chorus, Cooper Union.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I would like to know there is a place in New York where a pupil could obtain free singing lessons. R. M. C. Pennsylvania.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly tell me Senator Clark's (of Montana) native State.

A. C. R.